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MARION MURDERESS TALKS FREELY.

Lizzie Jones, Who Poisoned Husband, Tells Story of Unholy Triangle.

A reporter tells the following graphic story of an interview with Lizzie Jones, the young white woman who admits having poisoned her husband:

A repeated knocking on the cell door of Lizzie Jones who is alleged to have poisoned her husband B. Jones, an elderly farmer, living on the Gallivants Ferry road about six miles southeast of Marion. Presently a small, tired face appeared at the opening and two large gray eyes looked through the bars. "Would you mind having a visitor for a little while?" she reported inquired.

"No," she replied, "I'm tired of being all alone." Her voice was listless. When the door had been unlocked by the attendant, she invited the visitor in, and offering the lone chair, seated herself on the edge of the cot. She looked at the reporter with an inquisitive expression and waited for him to begin, her hands folded in her lap. Her

hair of dark hair parted simply in the middle was drawn tight over her forehead and tucked in a massive pile over her neck. She wore a simple dress and shirt waist of dark material. On her small but pretty face was a tired hopeless expression and the large gray eyes looked out

dimly. "Would this diminutive woman, frail pretty, with such frank gray eyes be guilty of so hideous a crime? Did you really poison your husband, Mrs. Jones?"

"I did," she answered simply. "But isn't it unwise to speak so freely?"

"Why not?" she challenged. "I admitted it to the sheriff—everybody knows. I couldn't lie out of it now!"

Poor little woman. It was all so hopeless and terrible.

"Yes," she continued, interrupting my train of thought. "I made up my mind to do it. I had been saving the strychnine ever since last July to poison him with. Jim told me to do it."

"Jim was a childhood friend, was he not?"

"Yes, we grew up together."

"Tell me all about it from start to finish."

She settled herself more comfortably on the cot and as if relieving herself of a burden which weighed heavily upon her she began her story.

"Mr. Ammons, that was Jim's father, and my father were both farmers living near each other. I saw a great deal of Jim and became fond of him when we were only children. He liked me, but I am afraid he never considered me seriously, for when he grew up he married another."

"For awhile it seemed like life wasn't worth living. Then Mr. Jones began to court me. I never cared a great deal for Mr. Jones. He was almost three times my age. But at last I married him."

"Then, he treated you cruelly?" the reporter asked.

"No, he treated me well enough, and for a while things ran smoothly. Then Jim began noticing me again. Whenever my husband was away from home I would come to see me. Before long he was coming to my husband's house for my husband's

excuses to come to my house. I was only twenty-four now and had been married for eight years. Mr. Jones was so much older than me. I never could think of him as my husband. It was always as parent or guardian that I looked upon him.

"Children came into our home. There are three of them. Poor little things. And she came nearer tears at this juncture than at any other time during the interview.

"Before long my husband learned of my secret meetings with Jim, and he abused me frightfully, declaring that he would kill us both. But instead he moved out of the neighborhood, where we had been living, to a farm less accessible to Jim and kept under constant surveillance.

"This was maddening. Then his health began to fail. The past two years of our married life was torture for me. Mr. Jones never lost an opportunity to upbraid and abuse me. But I ask you, how could I help my feeling for Jim?"

She had worked herself up to an excited state and her breath came fast. She paused a moment in her narrative and when she began again it was with the calm that had first characterized her.

"I never could quite bring myself to the point of giving my husband the poison, though. But on last Friday Jim came to see me, though he denies it now, and after a frenzied half an hour I decided to do the thing I had so long feared to do.

"That night Mr. Jones was feeling worse than usual and asked me to fix him up a dose of soda and salts. I went straight to the cupboard where I kept the little brown bottle of strychnine. I emptied half of it in a glass. On top of it I poured a dose of salts. Adding the usual amount of water, I stirred the mixture until the medicine had dissolved.

"I carried it to my husband. He was in bed at the time. Raising on his elbow he took the glass and drank the concoction down without a word. I watched him with strange emotion. At one second the impulse to seize the glass from his hand and cry out came over me and the next a feeling of triumph filled me. And so I stood

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Items of Interest Taken from The Herald Files of 16 Years Ago.

The dispensary was closed last Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Two inspectors came over from Columbia and checked up the stock which was found to be correct in every particular. The goods were shipped to the Florence Dispensary. The stock invoiced about \$1000, mostly in wines, as there was a great rush to secure the dispensary was to be closed.

W. T. Bethea received a wireless telegram Sunday from his brother, Paymaster S. Legare Bethea, who is enroute from New York to Porto Rico on the cruiser Philadelphia. The telegram was sent from somewhere in mid-ocean and caught at the wireless station in Atlantic City. Mr. Bethea has been assigned to duty at the naval station at Culebra, Porto Rico.

Mr. J. S. Galloway has sold his plantation near town to Mr. T. W. Bethea. The plantation is in a high state of cultivation and was sold for \$10,000.

Although the highest price paid on this market Saturday for cotton was 10.62 1/2, Mr. M. S. Britt refused an offer of 11 cents for 100 bales of middling cotton.

One of the largest deals in real estate ever recorded in this county was made last week when the Tilghman Lumber Co., of Sellers, purchased all the lands belonging to the estate of the late Jas. Berry. The estate contains about 3,700 acres of land and it is said the purchase price was in the neighborhood of \$120,000.00. The lands contain a large amount of virgin timber.

A splendid example of the value of diversifying on the farm is offered by Mr. A. L. Wallace who owns a fertile 60 acre farm not far from town. This year Mr. Wallace planted a few watermelons between cotton rows which netted him \$15 on the local market.

In the opposite row he planted cabbage from which he gathered 400 good, round, solid heads. This additional tax on the strength of the land did not decrease the yield of cotton a single pound as compared with the yield from adjoining rows.

But here Mr. Wallace did not stop. In the early spring he planted an acre of corn from which he gathered 53 bushels. Later on he gathered from the same acre 4000 pounds of hay which he sold for \$40. Then he planted the same acre in potatoes from which he gathered 65 bushels.

Now what was the total? Fifty three bushels of corn at 90c. \$47; 400 lbs of hay at \$1 per 100, \$40; 65 bushels of potatoes at 50 cents per bushel, \$32.50; total \$119.50. In addition to this the fodder from the corn amounted to \$10, but Mr. Wallace says he threw this in for good measure. Suppose Mr. Wallace had raised 500 lbs. of lint cotton on the same land? Suppose he had got 12 cents for it? Still he would be loser to the amount of \$59.50. Fifty years from now when 100 acres will be considered a very, very large plantation our grandchildren will wonder how we managed to die so poor.

Robbed Little Rock Store.

Ira Turberville and Will Woodley, young white men, are in the county jail charged with having robbed the Little Rock Cash Store a few nights ago. The store is owned and operated by Mr. R. H. Cain who runs the post-office in connection with the store. Turberville and Woodley, it is alleged, secured merchandise to the value of about \$300.

with sealed lips and watched him drain the glass.

"I sat down in the bedroom and waited. Soon violent pains seized him and he began to writhe and groan. With uncanny perception, he knew he had been poisoned, although many times before he had been very sick.

"You poisoned me! You poisoned me!" he began to shout and getting out of the bed he struggled to his feet and staggered to the front porch. He leaned over the banister rail and began screaming and shouting at the top of his voice. His hoarse cries of "murder" could be heard a half mile away. I am a weak woman and was powerless to do anything.

The guard from the chain gang which was encamped not far away was first to arrive on the scene.

"My husband was in a dying condition then, but he was able to tell the guard that I gave him poison. What could I do? If I ran away they would surely catch me. As I saw it there was nothing to do but give myself up and tell the truth. Soon other people came and they sent for the sheriff. They took me away to jail that very night and I've been here ever since.

"I told them about Jim. They arrested him the next day."

"He is out on bond, you know, and denies his part in the affair," the reporter told her.

"Yes, I know," she said. For a few seconds she did not speak. Then she continued: "I am a frail woman, maybe I won't have to worry long. I sit here and think and think and think. But what's the use?"

The reporter suggested reading as a diversion and rising to leave promised to send her some magazines. She thanked him and for an instant the care vanished from her pretty face with a bright smile.

SOUTH CAROLINA FAMILY OF FIVE SHOT TO DEATH

FLORENCE TRAGEDY TAKES FIVE LIVES.

L. S. Bingham for Whom Officers Search, Found Dead in Woods—Thought to be Suicide Following Killing of Mother, Sister and Two Adopted Children.

Florence, Jan. 16—Temporarily insane from brooding over financial difficulties and embittered by family troubles in which an estate worth probably \$75,000 was at stake, L. S. Bingham yesterday afternoon, according to the best information and belief, shot his mother, his sister, the latter's two adopted children and sent a bullet, crashing through his own brain. The dead are: Mrs. M. M. Bingham, Mrs. Marjorie A. Black, Leo McCracken and John McCracken and L. S. Bingham. All were evidently killed instantly, except Mrs. Bingham, the man's mother, who lived a few moments and the oldest child, who died at 5 o'clock this morning. The tragedy took place at the old Bingham home, five miles from Pamplico, Florence county, and 25 miles from this city.

After skying all within the house at the time, it is thought Bingham went deep into the woods surrounding the place and fired a bullet into his brain. When his body was found at noon today his right hand still grasped the pistol. It was stated by the physician, who examined the body that Bingham had been dead more than 12 hours. The dead persons were all shot in the head in each case, the bullets entering just beneath their temples. None were shot more than once, although two balls were found near the back door that had missed their mark. The large pistol used by Bingham still contained an unexploded cartridge which indicated that the man reloaded during his orgy of slaughter.

Home Far Removed.

The Bingham home is more than half a mile distant from any neighboring house. None could be found today, who had heard any shooting about the place. A large crowd gathered during the day and passed from room to room viewing the dead. The sight was a ghastly one. On a bed in a downstairs room lay the aged mother and the youngest child, their faces covered with blood. In the adjoining room the oldest of the children lay on a bed where he died at 5 o'clock this morning, and beside him the body of Bingham was placed when the searchers returned with it today. Upstairs in the room she usually occupied was the body of Mrs. Marjorie Black, oldest sister of Bingham. It lay on the floor just in front of the dresser. Until late this afternoon, when the coroner's jury completed taking evidence, the bodies were undisturbed. The funeral will probably be held tomorrow. The coroner's jury will not render a verdict until further investigation has been made.

Although the tragedy is said to have occurred at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, it was late last night before word of it reached Florence county officials and they immediately sent out dispatches asking officers in other towns to watch out for L. S. Bingham. First reports of the tragedy were conflicting and due to the fact that telephone and telegraph communication with Pamplico last night was impossible to secure, it was not until today that the facts became known.

Brother Away at Time.

Bingham's brother, Edmund Bingham, had left the house with his o'clock. He returned from a short family in an automobile at 3:10 visit to a neighbor's house about 20 minutes later and found his mother staggering toward the road. He jumped from his car, but the aged woman died almost before he reached her. Others happened to drive by the house at that time and when they bore the body of Mrs. Bingham into the house they saw evidences of blood on the floor and began an investigation which revealed the slaughter of three others. At the coroner's inquest today Edmund Bingham testified that he had been away from the house only about 20 minutes.

He had left his brother standing in the yard. The brother had been acting strangely for several weeks, he said, and did not appear to be any more depressed yesterday than usual.

"When I got into the car with my family, to go to Pamplico I left my brother and sister and the children at their various occupations and play. As far as I know there had been no quarreling during the day. Instead of going straight to Pamplico I went up the road to see Rob Foxworth for a minute. As we came back we saw mother stagger out of the yard. I turned and caught a glimpse of Smile (L.S. Bingham) turning into the woods almost in a run. He had his right hand toward his breast as if he had something in it but I did not see any pistol. My mother died as we were carrying her into the house. T. D. Garrison and Hoyt Bostick had come up in the meantime. I called my sister, Mrs. Marjorie Black, but she did not answer. I then went out on the back piazza and found John McCracken, the youngest child, dead there. My

mother's cap was also on the floor just by the back door and there was blood all about. I believe my mother and the child were shot on the piazza and that she tried to get into the road for help. It was almost dark, probably two hours after we reached home, that we found Mrs. Black dead in her room upstairs. Later some one found the other child, Leo McCracken, on a pile of straw behind a potato bank out in the yard. He was still alive. We called Dr. Poston as soon as possible. The boy died about 5 o'clock this morning. It is evident the boy was running when he was shot."

In Financial Trouble.

Mr. Bingham could not say why the room of Mrs. Black was not searched sooner. "It just happened," he said, "that we did not think about it." Someone had asked him to go upstairs but he just did not do it. Mr. Bingham also declared that his brother had been in financial troubles and had often spoken of them. Two years ago while he was postmaster at Orum he was charged with a shortage, but there had always been a question about this and it had never been settled. He had also spoken of certain people who had been trying to do him wrong. "That morning about 12 o'clock we had paid off the hands together and I noticed that my brother was awfully depressed. He would stand up and gaze about in an abstracted manner. He did not have a pistol that I knew of. The pistol he did the killing with was mine. It was in my bureau drawer when I left the house. There was another pistol somewhere in the house, in my mother's room I think."

The testimony of Mrs. Edmonds Bingham and her two little daughters who accompanied Mr. Bingham in the car away from the house just before the shooting, tallied at every point with that of Mr. Bingham.

There were some at the scene of the shooting today who were inclined to doubt that Smile Bingham had done the wholesale killing or that he had killed himself.

From the situation at the scene of the shooting it is likely that Mrs. Black was shot first. From her position in the room and the cleanliness of the bullet wound the slayer evidently crept into the room and shot her before she knew it. It is thought that he then rushed down the stairs and met the mother at the back door on the piazza which connects the kitchen and dining room with the main house. There he killed her and the youngest of the two children. The boy's body was half way down the steps indicating that he was trying to escape. In the meantime the other child evidently had made his way into the yard and was run down near a potato bank at the rear of the kitchen.

Bingham was about 45 years old. He was a son of the late State Senator L. S. Bingham, who served several terms in the senate, from Florence county. Bingham was a civil engineer.

Two Brothers Survive.

The only surviving member of the Bingham family now are Edmund Bingham, who lives at the old home, and Dr. Cleveland Bingham, whose whereabouts is unknown. Dr. Bingham was convicted in the Georgetown county court several years ago of the murder of his wife. He was sentenced to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary but before he could be taken to prison jumped his bond and has not been heard of since. The amount of the bond was \$10,000. The state of South Carolina has never been able to collect the bond money and the matter is now in the hands of the attorney general for settlement. It is understood that the Bingham estate is responsible for the money, all members of the family having signed the bond except Mrs. J. Bogan Cain, who died rather suddenly during the influenza epidemic leaving a husband and one son. As a possible motive for his deed yesterday it may be stated that L. S. Bingham has been suspected of mutilating the county records for the purpose of getting hold of the estate lands. This matter is being investigated. It seems that about the time Dr. Cleveland Bingham left Florence the Bighams transferred their interest in the estate to the late Mrs. J. Bogan Cain, the only member of the family not on the bond.

All the deeds to the thousand or more acres of land bear her name. Since her death it is stated that Bingham has been attempting to get a deputy sheriff of this county, but the matter has not been closed. Several pages have been torn from the deed books, the indexes indicating that they relate to the Bingham lands, and in more than one case the wording of the deeds where recorded in long hand has been crudely altered to show that Mrs. Cain was entitled to only a half or a third interest as the case might be, in the certain tracts referred to. The mutilation of the court house records caused something of a sensation and the matter has been kept quiet until absolute evidence could be secured against L. S. Bingham.

AN INTERESTING OLD LETTER.

While going through some papers recently Senator Bethea came across an old letter dated March 12, 1840, which Gov. B. K. Henegan wrote to a friend in Williamsburg District introducing Dr. Alfred Bethea, then a young physician looking for a location. Dr. Alfred Bethea was the grandfather of Senator Bethea. The letter is written in the literary style of the day, and while the language used is not as clear and pointed as that of the present day, yet it is strong and forceful. The letter follows:

Brownsville, March 12, 1840.

Dear Sir:—The bearer hereof, my friend and relative, Doctor Alfred W. Bethea, has at my instance determined to visit your section of the country with the view to the selection of a situation in which to locate himself for the practice of medicine. I have directed him to go at once to you, who I have assured him will with the greatest pleasure give him such counsel in the premises as he may wish the most unquestionable, certainly rely upon.

Doctor Bethea is a native of Marion District, of the most exemplary moral character and together with a mind every way constituted originally for the profession of his choice. The same has been well cultivated so far as application and opportunities have been concerned, having attended the Medical Schools both of Philadelphia and Charleston at the latter of which he graduated at its late commencement.

Should you deem it advisable that he should establish himself in your vicinity, I have advised him should it be convenient for you to receive him, to live with you.

I would say more in behalf of my young friend, but as I design this to be an open communication, delicacy forbids it, I will however add this much, that should the circumstances of the country justify his residence among you, I feel every confidence that you will be abundantly pleased with him, not only as a Physician, but also as a gentleman.

Myself and family have for several years enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and after making proper allowance for the unprecedented pressure in the monetary affairs of the country we are getting along in our worldly matters in a manner which will not allow of much complaining.

Remember me affectionately to your family and assure them, and be assured yourself, that I have not forgotten all your kindnesses to me when I was a young stranger sojourning among you.

As respects the general doings and movements in this section, Doctor B can detail them more circumstantially than the very circumscribed limits at my command would allow of my attempting.

In conclusion, any acts of friendship which you may be pleased to extend to my friend will be gratefully remembered and duly appreciated by year old and continued friend and well wisher.

B. K. Henegan.

William Johnson, Esq.

In Magistrate Haselden's Court.

The past week has been a busy one at the sheriff's office. Niles Bruders, George Kirby and Ed Kirby who were indicted Charles Higgins, have all been arrested. The sheriff leaves tonight for Arcadia, Fla. to bring back Ed Kirby who was jailed there yesterday by the Sheriff of the State county acting under a red man from Sheriff Hogue, crossing the arrest.

Preliminary investigation has been held by the magistrate in the case of the State vs Ira Turberville and Will Woodley charged with house breaking and larceny and the defendants are in jail awaiting trial at the next term of the Court of General Sessions. The sheriff and rural policeman searched the premises of Turberville finding stolen property of every description, some of it costly jewelry which was identified by Mr. R. H. Cain as the property of the Little Rock cash store.

Only one liquor case has been brought to light so far. This was against Sam Tart. Sam was brought up for a hearing and appeared to be an innocent old dandy. And perhaps he is, except that he is abundantly cautious in preparing food for his hogs. When the officers reached his house the wife immediately took a seat out in the yard on a large goods box. After searching the premises thoroughly Sheriff Bethea decided to investigate the box, we reckon to see what was in it. When it was turned up and the wife turned off, there it was, beer. Sam says it was for the hogs. The barrel containing the mixture was buried in the ground with just about six inches of the top exposed.

A preliminary has not yet been held in the case against Pete, Bub and Barney Stackhouse, Lendau Breeden and Grady Blue for larceny. This case involves the theft of four bales of cotton belonging to Miss Mary Carmichael. This was the result of quick action on the part of the officers who recovered the cotton and made the arrests while the trail was hot.

Robbers Active in Dillon.

A few nights ago robbers made a raid on the store of Blum and Blumberg and secured merchandise valued at several hundred dollars, and last Thursday night they entered E. T. Elliott's gent's furnishing store from the rear and made away with about \$500 worth of suits, hats, ties, and handbags. There is no clue to the robbers.

ELECT BLACKWELL HEAD OF CHAMBER.

Directors in Marion Contemplate Building Potato Curing House.

Marion, Jan. 14—At a meeting of the directors of the Marion Chamber of Commerce last night, J. Whilden Blackwell was elected secretary. Mr. Blackwell is a graduate of the University of South Carolina and the school of journalism of Columbia university and has for the past six months been a member of the staff of The Morning Star Wilmington, N. C. The new secretary is a native of Marion, being the son of R. J. Blackwell, well known merchant of that city. He is enthusiastic over the work and hopes to see Marion forge ahead with the return of prosperity.

The potato curing house and creamery were again topics of discussion at the directors' meeting and a committee was appointed to visit a curing house which is being operated in a nearby town to secure information on the project. The report of the membership committee canvassing for women members revealed that 23 women members have been added to the list.

TAXPAYERS' COMMITTEE.

Named to Keep in Touch With General Assembly.

Columbia, Jan. 14—Acting upon the suggestions of the taxpayers' convention at the meeting held at the Statehouse in Columbia last night, E. W. Dabbs of Mayesville has appointed a permanent committee to keep in touch with the Legislature and to advise with the finance committee of the Senate and House with regard to taxation from time to time. The committee appointed is as follows: J. Arthur Banks, St. Matthews; C. P. Hodges, Brownsville; Andrew J. Bethea, Columbia; A. V. Snell, Charleston; J. H. Manning, Latta; J. S. McKenzie, Bannockburn; and W. A. Dabbs, Mayesville.

A member of the committee stated tonight that the committee realized the imperative need for tax reforms in South Carolina and would use their influence to this end.

MELVIN JACKSON.

On Sunday morning at nine o'clock Miss Margaret Melvin, eldest daughter of Mrs. S. P. Melvin and Mr. Owen W. Jackson, were very quietly married at the home of the bride.

The house was a scene of simplicity and beauty, the hall being decorated in ever green and pot plants. At the center of the hall an arch was formed under which the ceremony was performed. At the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. Will Melvin, sister of the bride, Miss Louise Moore, the only attendant entered.

From an adjoining room the bride and groom entered together and took their stand before the improvised altar. As the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. B. S. Chandler, "To a Wild Rose" was played softly.

The bride was very becomingly attired in her gown away with navy blue, tricotine, with accessories to match.

Lamentably after the ceremony the happy couple left by auto for Columbia and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson number their friends by the score who wish them much happiness.

The only out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rob Jackson of Olio, parents of the groom, and Mr. Marvin Johnson of Bennettsville, cousin of the groom.

Marriage on Tuesday.

Quite a large number of friends and relatives assembled at the residence of Mr. Robert Oliver in Dillon on Tuesday afternoon, January 18th, 1921, to witness the marriage of Miss Claudia Rogers, daughter of Mr. Willie Rogers, to Mr. Felix Warley Trescott, of Dallas, Texas.

Just before the ceremony, little Miss Burns sang "I Love You." Miss McDonald was the ring bearer. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Watson B. Duncan.

Miss Rogers has been a teacher for some time and has a host of friends not only in Dillon, but in other parts of the state. Mr. Trescott has a position in the railroad with headquarters at Dallas, Texas.

The best wishes of a host of friends go with the happy young couple. The couple went through the country to Latta where they boarded the train for their bridal trip.

Fork.

This community has been inexpressibly saddened by the death of Mrs. Effie Eula Moody. She was the daughter of Alfred and Laura Owens. She was born at Fork December 3rd, 1895. In early life she was received into the church and ever remained a true and faithful member. On the 20th of March, 1921, she was happily married to Van B. Moody. To this union was born three children, two girls and one boy. It seemed that their young happy lives were blessed. But death stepped in this home, and took this precious mother on the 14th of January, 1921.

In Edens field on yesterday before the sun arose, God must have lost along the way a diamond from his crown, and having searched each fragrant slope, and every flowered glenn, He must have given up all hope of finding it again. For suddenly He turned apart, and took the richest gem among the jewels of our hearts, to grace his diadem.